

THE
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Miscellany.

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

An article under that title appears in the Edinburgh Magazine, after an epistolary preamble, which asserts that an equitable uncle had bestowed his fortune on his two nephews: to one, in consideration of his want of talent, he bequeaths all his worldly goods; to the other, out of respect for his mental endowments, he leaves "valuable manuscripts, autographs, correspondences, flute, fiddle strings," &c. The Literary Legacy, No. I., is the first specimen of these treasures. Here it is:

The Bride of Balachan.

Ye maidens fair, consider well,
And look both shrewd and sly,
Ere reverend lips make good the knot
Your teeth will ne'er untie.

Many are the fair visions of ideal felicity that alight on the boughs of my imagination, like the pyeman's cry of "piping hot" on the ear of pennyless mendicity; but the fairest I ever beheld in reality was at the Grange of Balachan. John Dinwoodie stood by the hag-block, dissecting the finest carcasses of hill-wedder-mutton that ever revolved on a spit, or tottled in a pot. Deacon Midriff, and his man Caleb Gorum, were just arrived with a prime hind quarter of genuine Galloway stot, bred and brought up on Terraughty meadows, under the eye of the old laird himself; and the deep wreaths of feathery drift, enveloping both her and the stool whereon she sat, plainly testified that old Janet Clockerton had not been idle on the hen-roost. But the bustle of preparation for a most sumptuous banquet was not confined to the out-door department—the same laudable exertion was observable throughout the whole interior establishment. Young Harriet Halliday displayed much culinary know-

ledge in the construction of fruit, pigeon, gibleet and other pies, dumplings, puddings, and haggises, under the immediate superintendence of that most excellent woman, Mrs. Hannah Drummond, so justly esteemed by the Gowk-biggins family for the exquisite delicacy of her dishes; and Aggie Dinwoodie—the fairest lily that ever sprang in the vale of Nith—she, too, was up to the elbows. Never did I see a young woman stand so purpose-like at a bake-board, nor fashion dough in such style with her rolling-pin. None of your ribless round sticks, shaped agreeably to the rule of thumb, without either taste or judgment; but a well proportioned cylindrical utensil, from the loom of *Willie Edgar*, gracefully swollen in the middle, and grooved longitudinally from both ends by his matchless hand, save and except a smooth round pivot at each extremity, exactly proportioned to the fair hands of Miss Dinwoodie. A well-toasted, rib-rolled farl, is as welcome to my teeth as the Land o' Cakes is dear to my heart; and I would seriously advise all young men to abstain from seeking consorts in gumshonless families, where plain rolling-pins are used. Nor was the gudewife of Balachan an idle spectator to passing events.

No woman could garnish hazel rods more adroitly with black and white puddings, nor hand them up to *Harmless Habbie* with a better grace, as he stood with one foot on the meal-barrel, and the other on an old oak cupboard that had been an heirloom in the family from time immemorial. “Poor Habbie,” quoth Mrs. Dinwoodie, one day to an inquisitive neighbour, “he’s a Lockerby lad that our Adam knows something of; and weel may they ca’ him harmless, for a more inoffensive creature never broke world’s bread. He was just within a day or twa o’ being married to Provost Pirniecowl’s dochter o’ Lochmaeban. The bridal braws were bought, bed, bedding, and every thing else that the heart o’ woman could desire, when, gude forgie the light-headed limmer! she ran off wi’ lang Jock Johnston the horsecowper, and the poor lad has never been himsel’ sinsyne. Habbie’s o’ a gude family, and, was his reason to tak’ a turn for the better, there wadna be a finer fallow in a’ the parish. He comes to our house regularly on the first Monday night o’ every month, and gangs awa as regularly on the Tuesday morning, after he gets his parritch out o’ a luggie that stands on the shelf beside Aggie’s—nane else will he let it stand beside; and truly its diverting enough to think o’ his queer gates, for he winna sleep in a ha’ house that keeps jades and sluts within its wa’s, to mak free wi’ his ain words; nor lie down i’ the barn, unless Aggie makes his bed, and Adam hauds the candle. Poor fallow, I aften banter him about our Aggie. The very last time he was here, ‘Troth, Habbie,’ quoth I, ‘she’ll may be fill the neuk yet that the provost’s dochter ran awa fra;’

but he just put off the joke wi' a—'whist, whist, gudewife; all things will be made manifest in due season,'—and that's the langest speech he ever made in my presence." Mrs. Dinwoodie might have treated her friend with a much larger portion of fugitive biography, had she been so disposed.

Tinkers, hawkers, beggars—in fine, all manner of itinerants, who trouble not their heads about to-morrow, visited the Grange with a kind of periodical regularity, that gave rise to much curious speculation. Some were of opinion that the movements of these wanderers were regulated by means of a secret understanding amongst themselves; for it was very observable, that their numbers seldom exceeded, and never fell short of John Dinwoodie's accommodation, and yet no traces of previous arrangement could ever be discerned. Others, again, imagined, that they were piloted to warm kilns and empty barns, by their instinct; whilst a few handled the subject a little more philosophically, and maintained, that the gudeman's dwelling possessed a kind of sensitive attraction, so judiciously discreet in the exercise of its powers, that whenever a troop of mendicants forsook the barracks, another was draughted from the general stock, by means of the aforesaid attraction, in order to supply the vacuum. Be that as it may, John Dinwoodie, generally speaking, had always his full share of strollers.

Saunders Waddle, the packman, now Mr. Alexander Waddle, merchant, Dumfries, assured me many years ago, that he had seen no less than three full-grown pedlars, and five regularly-bred beggars, daft John Tamson, manting Will, and Wattie Kennedy, all billeted in Balachan barn at one and the same time. As for the kiln, Messrs. Marshall and Co., the Annandale tinkers, merely went through the ceremony of asking leave and license, before they took up their abode therein, and the croft was always deemed by their respective cuddies a kind of birthright inheritance.

Many were the jokes and jibes passed on John Dinwoodie's good-natured simplicity, for harbouring such swarms of unprofitable sojourners; but they stirred not his bristles against the houseless Gaberlunzie, nor soured his loving kindness in the smallest degree. On the contrary, he defended himself with an eloquence so peculiarly in unison with the character of his philanthropy, that I really cannot resist the temptation of presenting the following morsel by way of specimen:—"In a land where every man enjoys himself his own natural way, providing *that way* interfere not with the comfort and well-being of his neighbour, the poor soul, who struggles with hunger, and scorn, and nakedness, whether from choice or necessity, it matters not, may surely be allowed the like indulgence—he shall never want a nook wherein to enjoy his morsel, so long as I have a barn

to throw a sheaf in."—The gudeman of Balachan certainly possessed a very large share of practical benevolence—he was, moreover, prudently frugal and temperate in all his enjoyments: yet nevertheless, it is a matter of much surprise to me, how a family could possibly thrive with so many idlers living at free quarters; and there is a problem in rural economy, naturally arising therefrom, that has never yet been solved to my entire satisfaction.—John Dinwoodie's farm produced finer and more luxuriant crops than any of his neighbours, though the soils were equally good; and Balachan cheese, wool, butter, and so forth, were noted far and wide. Yet in the cultivation of their fields, and in the management of their flocks and dairies, nothing in the semblance of superior judgment, &c. on the part of the Dinwoodies was ever observable. Whether the lands of Balachan were more favourably visited than those of the neighbouring tenantry, by the hand that feeds the fowls of heaven, and provides for the beasts of the field, or merely bore testimony of the superior skill and industry of the gudeman and his family, I pretend not to say. All I know of the matter is this, the Grange of Balachan was always deemed what we call a *fou*, *substantial house*.

But to resume our subject. Mrs. Dinwoodie having disposed of her puddings in a manner that could not fail of commanding respectful attention, most willingly transferred her services to the baking department, and lent Aggie a helping hand to stow away her well-toasted farls, in a tastefully-carved girnal that flanked the meal-barrel. Harriet and her worthy preceptress cleared the decks of the finest specimens of pastry that perhaps ever felt the genial warmth of hot bricks; and when all and sundry the offspring of their respective labours was fairly disposed of, the house set in order, and the hearth swept—never-failing symbol of good housewifery—in came the gudeman with a "Weel, Sirs, here's ae special day's wark aff our hands." "Troth, John Dinwoodie," quo' the gudewife, "it's the first day's wark o' the kind that ever came the gate o' our family, and right blithe am I to declare, that a single hand's turn has na *gane to Coupar* this whole blessed day, nor can the bouk o' that (pointing to her thumb nail) look out o' the jaw-hole, and remind ane o' us o' the auld proverb, *a willfu' waste, makes a waefu' want*. Wha's yon, think ye, coming owre the craft?—nae less than nine o' them?—My word, we'll hae a rare merry feet-washing."—And Mrs. Dinwoodie was not far behind in her reckoning. Davie Morrison and Sarah Glendinning o' Kittlecannalie; Leesie Gillespie and Jenny Macmillan o' Midgieloe; auld Roger Lindsay o' Glenbuckie, and five more, male and female, whose names have really slipt my memory, passed the hallan in orderly succession, and introduced them-

selves with the salutation usual on such occasions, "Peace be i' the house, and luchters o' luck to the bride." "Come awa," quo' the gudeman, as he arose from his arm-chair, and shook Roger cordially by the hand; "blithe faces are ay as welcome to a blink o' our ingle as my ain twa shins; and truly, when a whiff o' luck comes in at the door, it's unco heartsome to see a fou langsettle. Such is my landart notion o' a neighbourly fireside," continued the gudeman; "and, conscientiously speaking, if the lass may be deemed lucky wha meets wi' a douce, weel-living lad before the minister, I think we may safely say that our Aggie was born to fa' on her feet." "Aye, aye," quo' Harmless Habbie, "she'll fa' cat-fashion, i'se warrant her, and light on a hearth-stane where lang Jock Johnston darna show his ill-faur'd face." "Weel done, Habbie!" exclaimed Harriet Halliday; "my word, lad, thou hits a nail on the head wi' an auld-farrand hammer—*Gawin* himsel' coudna better the clink o't." "He has paid the *Maister* a weel-faur'd compliment indeed," observed Mrs. Dinwoodie; "but, poor fallow, it's awittens him—he kensna the signification o' his ain sayings—they just come awa frae his lips like sweet sounds frae the thairms o' Hughie Paisley's fiddle." As Mrs. Dinwoodie's conjecture may happen to be called in question by-and-by, I shall merely observe, for the reader's information, that Habbie's sally had the merit of wakening a certain species of roguish wit, that scruples not at times to overleap the fences of moral discretion; and a very long and learned altercation ensued regarding the affinity of snoods and apron strings, the which I certainly feel not inclined to put on record, though sanctioned by the smudging laugh of Mrs. Dinwoodie herself.

This strain of high-kilted conviviality ceased not to tickle the risibility of all concerned, until the bride's brother, Adam by name, sported a point, the true intent of which may very well be gathered from the identical words he made use of, viz. "There's a wheen prime wind instruments among us, that wadna be a plack the waur o' wetting before they begin." "Troth, Adam Dinwoodie," quo' the gudewife, "ye ken the gate o' the house unco weel—just slip awa to the awmrie, my man, and keep in mind the gude auld saying, *blessed is he who can help himsel', for he'll ne'er be in want.*" Now, Adam was, from his youth, a most compliable lad, and exceedingly attentive to good counsel, particularly that of his mother, whose will and pleasure he consulted on every occasion. Nay, such was the filial deportment of this most amiable young man, when a perfect child, that it actually became proverbial. Nothing was more common, in those days, than to behold the moody dames chasing their rebellious children, switch in hand, and bawling as loud as their tongues could clink, "O thou lang-legged ne'er-

doweel—ae lith o' Adie Dinwoodie's wee finger's worth the whole o' thy scaw'd carcase." No wonder that a goodly bowl of honest *half and half* was speedily prepared by this most dutiful young man, a bowl that Belshazzar himself would never have budged from, so long as a ladleful remained therein; and a full quegh of its potent contents being handed about for the opinion of all whom it might concern, their verdict was such as the convivial punch-drinking reader will most assuredly approve of; unanimous in praise of its very superior accomplishments, both as to quality and zest. The remembrance of this famous beverage is cherished in Nithsdale even unto this day. No longer ago than last August, old Robin Lauder paid a very high compliment to its memory, when delivering his opinion of a bowl at Davie Flunkison's wedding; "Deed," quo' Robin, smacking his lips, and holding up a glass between his eye and the candle, "it's a sowp rare stuff, sure enough—the better o't hasna visited my interior since the night o' Aggie Dinwoodie's feet-washing." The reader will therefore not feel surprised when I assure him, that Adam's punch visited the life-springs of all present, and wakened a livelier strain of hilarity that evening than was ever known before at the Grange of Balachan, or indeed any where else. "The bride—thumping luck, and fat bairns"—went round the hearth with a cordiality bordering on enthusiasm. "The bridegroom," followed as a matter of course. "John Dinwoodie," and "Nanse," most respectfully took their circuit, and every individual of the family was honoured in the like neighbourly manner. Then it was that Roger forgot his locks were grey, and sang, "Tak' your auld clock about ye," in a strain of humour unknown to the classic stage, not forgetting to make his bow of perfect obedience to the bride, as he laid a peculiarly expressive emphasis, strongly mingled with resignation, on these remarkable words:

"Nought's to be got at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea."

Davie Morrison was equally at home in humouring the hairum-skairum drollery of "Duncan Davison," and Sarah Glendinning's "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my joe," evinced at once a thorough knowledge of tryste-making, hallan-haunting, and oiling of locks and hinges, the more effectually to suppress all unpleasant sounds, that otherways might offend the ears of *waukrife mammies*. But the bay was reserved for Mrs. Dinwoodie's brow. She instinctively pitched on the very key that opens "John Anderson my joe," in the tenderest strain of harmony; and a twitter of delight, that fully divulged the internal satisfaction of her audience, did ample justice to the fidelity of her feelings. But when the good old woman laid her palsied hand on John Dinwoodie's grey head, and sang the

connubial benediction, "my blessings on that frosty pow," its endearing tenderness, in unison with the venerable tremor of her voice, for she was full three score, operated so powerfully on the sensibility of all, that the married men and their faithful dames exchanged looks of reciprocal affection, altogether untranslateable; and the young women's eyes met the corresponding glances of their sweethearts, as if by mutual agreement. All would most willingly have exchanged their lilies and roses for matron wrinkles, to partake of the fulness of Nanse Dinwoodie's joy. Such is the influence of language and harmony, when akin to each other. Indeed, I have it from very good authority, that all the young women then present had their lads before the minister in less than a twelvemonth.

To eulogize the many charming songs, both comic and sentimental, and tell one half of the queer stories that enlivened John Dinwoodie's fireside, would not only exceed the bounds of my foolscap, but also require the pen of a readier writer; I therefore decline saying one word more on the subject, and beg leave to inform my fair readers, that Mrs. Drummond brought in a pailful of callar *Entire* from Balachan burn, seated herself by the bride like an experienced dame accustomed to preside on such occasions, and immediately proceeded to business. Now, my dear young countrywomen, have the goodness to picture unto yourselves a blooming damsel on the eve of marriage, seated amongst her kindred and acquaintance, and an elderly handmaid flyping off her stockings, and otherways officiating in the performance of a certain ceremony, that all of you, it is to be hoped, will sooner or later be called upon to undergo. Then draw the likeness of old Roger, groping for a favourite coin, whose singular character the facetious humorist thus delineated: "I'll back thee out against a' the white money i' the south o' Scotland for special gude luck. In mony a bridal pail has thou been since the year *fifteen*, when I faund thee under Jessy M'Culloch's muckle'tae the very night before she was buckled to the young laird o' Glengaebar, and neither lad nor lass that clappit thumb on thee sinsyne at a feet-washing, ever lay their lane that time twelvemonth."

"I hae often heard tell o' that famous antique o' thine," quo' the gudeman of Balachan; "will ye favour a body wi' a glimpse o't?" "Deed will I," replied the kindly carl, in his usual tone of neighbourly civility, and accordingly produced a small silver piece of the gude *King Robert*, in a fine state of preservation. John Dinwoodie wiped his spectacles, adjusted them on his temples, and examined Roger's coin with great attention. "It's a Royal Robin, sure enough," quo' the gudeman of Balachan; "the best and bonniest likeness o' Bruce I ever beheld. Thou was a bauld fallow," continued he, looking steadfastly at the

profile, "and mony a bauld billie has stood at thy back; but thou hast fought the gude fight, and the reward o' the brave and the righteous is thine." A fine eulogy, in all probability, would have been delivered to the memory of our great and good king, but for a trifling incident that marred the gudeman's grateful flow of feelings.

On lifting up his eyes, the more reverently to expatiate on the godlike heroism that rescued us all from becoming hewers of wood and drawers of water, he unluckily descried the basket hilt of Adam Dinwoodie's broad sword lashed to a sooty rafter, with an old leather strap, and staring through the smoke, as though upbraiding his lineal descendant with unkindly neglect.

The gudeman gradually withdrew his eye from an object that seemed to call in question his respect for family renown, only to encounter another equally distressing to a sensitive mind, in the person of his brave forefather's target, divested of its

—"brazen studs and tough bull hide,
That death so often dashed aside."

and serving in the humble capacity of a lid to the meal-barrel.

Now, these implements of ancient warfare, according to family tradition, belonged to the identical Adam Dinwoodie, who stood at the right hand of a certain knight when he wrote on his crest, "I hae sicker'd him," with the life blood of the *Red Cummin*, a circumstance of itself that undoubtedly entitled them to a fair portion of family veneration; and though Adam's claymore had never been used for an unworthy purpose except in one solitary instance, when that fawning spaniel, blinkin' Dick Pouchwhistle, took it down, awittens of the gudeman, to protect young Gowkbiggin from the wrath of an infuriated population, when foisted on the five boroughs, as their representative in parliament, by a powerful *Thane*,

"Whose name did depart like the hated man
Whom country and kin disown,
And his fame decay'd like the worthless weed
By the wayside trodden down."

Yet, as I was about to observe, notwithstanding this consolation, the very idea of his ancestor's favourite weapon, ignominiously gibbeted in the smoke, like the skeleton of a dried had-dock, together with the servile state to which its faithful companion was reduced, probed John Dinwoodie's feelings more acutely than ever did a condemned sermon the ulcerated conscience of a reprieved ne'erdoweel in Newgate chapel. He cast his eye alternately on the three antiques with a certain expression of countenance peculiar to the whole family, when aught in the semblance of ingratitude attached itself to their character, and finally deposited the Brucean coin in the pail where Mrs. Hannah was bathing his daughter's feet, with the

same reverence as though he had been laying aside his bonnet to *tak' the beuk*.

"Now, Habbie, my bonny man," quo' Mrs. Dinwoodie, "come hither and grapple ance mair for good luck." "Troth will I, gudewife," replied Halbert, with much simplicity;—"haith I'm unco gleg at that sort o' wark."

"And sae will I, wi' the bride's leave," quo' Roger Lindsay; "our Sarah has long been ailing, and there is no knowing how soon she may slip the head. Whare's the harm in looking before a body's nose, and providing against the dispensations o' Providence?" "Hear to the auld grey gouk," exclaimed Aggie Dinwoodie; "haith I am sair mista'en if Sarah disna see that tottering tabernacle o' thine pass the hallan heels foremost. Now, Roger, bide awa; the deil be here gin thae auld fizenless fingers come to grape among my taes;—the very thrimble o' them would gie a body's feet the cramp." But Roger was not to be gainsaid; and a dozen hands dashed into the pail at once, so anxious were all our uncoupled visitants to enjoy the pleasing hope of being first buckled—an anxiety, no doubt, infused into our very nature, for a wise purpose.

To translate the many laughs, and winks, and giggles, that enlivened the Grange hearth on that memorable occasion, is far beyond the compass of my skill; and to describe the humorous scramble that ensued, for obvious reasons, shall never be attempted by me. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that Harmless Habbie captured the ominous prize, amid the congratulation of all present. "O Habbie, will ye ha'e me?" exclaimed Jenny Macmillan; "it's weel kent I'm nae provost's dochter. Auld aunty has a guid lock siller i' the laird's hand, forbye a goupin o' minted gould i' the kist neuk; it wad do ony young lad's heart gude to look at it—twae kye on the craft, a score o' gimmers on the hill, and nane to stand in her shoon when she slips out o' the gate, but bonnie Jenny Macmillan. Besides a' that, Habbie,

'There's bigg i' the trough, and maut at the mill,
And lint i' the dub, and corn at the kiln.'

"Dinna believe a word the braggart says," quo' Leesie Gillespie; "my word, her aunty's a feerie auld dame; there's anither bee bizzing in her lug, than leaving gowpins o' gould, and scores o' gimmers, to bonnie Jenny Macmillan, as she ca's hersel'. If I rightly understand the glint o' aunty's e'e, when Johnny Crummie, the Kirkmahoe elder, comes owre the bent, he has little else to do, honest man, but just go through the ceremony o' speering her price. But come awa hame wi' me, Habbie; I'm an only dochter, ye ken; and tho' I shoudna say't before every body, there's a peg for thy bonnet, and a stool for thy latter-end, in the coziest neuk o' a fou hauddin'."

"Laying joking aside ategither," observed Roger Lindsay, "I'll lay a grey groat on Habbie's head that he makes sure o' some honest man's bairn before Beltan,"—a saying that added not a little to the mirth of his audience. But notwithstanding the great good humour that prevailed, our youngers were secretly nettled at the idea of a daft man falling in with such luck, for the fame of Roger's Royal Robin, as a sure foreteller of matrimonial alliance, was well established; and a few loose hints to that effect, thrown out in a manner that apparently stung Habbie's pride—and he at times was somewhat ticklish to deal with—induced him to sue for leave of absence in his usual brief manner, "it's wearing late, gudewife;" the sum total of Halbert's oration, when he felt an inclination for the barn. Adam Dinwoodie put his stable lanthorn in a state of requisition, the bride slipped on her shoon, and away they went, arm-in-arm, with Harmless Habbie, to his apartment.—I believe nothing further, worthy of particular remark, occurred at the Grange on Monday evening, until the party broke up, and left the gudeman and his family in quiet possession of their own fireside.

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P. S. Should the foregoing specimen of Uncle's literary skill find favour in your sight, please to say so by return of post, and the residue will be forwarded to Edinburgh without delay; for I am determined, Mr. Editor, not to suffer his light to remain under a bushel. Adieu. S. K.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SELF-IMMOLATION, &c.

The following narrative, by Mr. Cruso, resident at Poona, is perhaps the most detailed that has yet appeared of this extraordinary spectacle.

Poona, 24th July, 1786.

"This evening, after five, I was hastily called to be a spectator of the shocking ceremony of self devotion, sometimes practised by Brahmin females on the death of their husbands.

"Soon after I and my conductor had quitted the house, we were informed the *Suttee*, for that is the name given to the person who so devotes herself, had passed, and her track was marked by the goolool and betel leaf which she had scattered as she went along. She had reached the Mootah, which runs close under the town, before we arrived, and having performed her last ablutions, was sitting at the water's edge. Over her head was held a punke; an attendant fanned her with a waving handkerchief, and she was surrounded by her relations, or her friends,

and some chosen Brahmins, the populace being kept aloof by a guard from government. In this situation, I learnt from good authority, she distributed among the Brahmins five thousand rupees, and the jewels with which she came decorated, reserving only, as is usual on these occasions, a small ornament on her nose, called *mootee*, (perhaps from a pearl or two on it,) and a bracelet of plain gold on each wrist. From her posture, I could see only her hands, which, with the palms joined, rose above her head, in an attitude of invocation. Quitting, therefore, this post, I removed to an eminence, that gave me an opportunity of observing the construction of the funeral-pile, and commanded the pathway by which I understood she would approach it.

“The spot chosen for its erection was about forty paces from the river, and directly fronting the *Sultee*. When I came up, the frame only was fixed: it consisted of four uprights, each about ten feet high: they stood rather more than nine feet asunder lengthways, and under six in breadth. Soon after, by ropes fastened near the top of the uprights, was suspended a roof of rafters, and on it again heaped as many billets as it would bear. Beneath, arose a pile of more substantial timbers, to the height of about four feet, which was covered over with dry straw, and bushes of a fragrant and sacred shrub called *loolsee*. The sides and one end being then filled up, with the same materials, the other extremity was left open as an entrance. The melancholy preparations completed, the lady got up, and walked forward, unsupported, amongst her friends. She approached the doorway, and there having paid certain devotions, retired a few yards aside, and was encircled as before. The dead body was brought from the bank where it had hitherto remained, close to the place the *Sultee* lately sat on, and laid upon the pile, and with it several sweetmeats, and a paper bag containing either flour, or dust of sandal. The widow arose, and walked three times slowly round the pile; then seating herself opposite the entrance, on a small square stone, constantly used in such cases, on which two feet were rudely sketched, she received and returned the endearments of her companions with great serenity. This over, she again stood up, and having stretched her right hand, in the fondest manner over the heads of a favoured few, gently inclining her person towards them, she let her arms fall round their necks in a faint embrace, and turned from them. Now with her hands, indeed, held up to heaven, but with her poor eyes cast, in a gaze of total distraction, deep into the den of anguish that awaited her, she stopped a while, a piteous statue. At length, without altering a feature, or the least agitation of her frame, she ascended by the door-way unassisted, and lying down beside her husband's corpse, gave herself, in the meridian of life and beauty, a victim to a barbarous and cruelly-consecrated error of

misguided faith. As soon as she entered, she was hid from our view by bundles of straw, with which the aperture was closed up, and all the actors in this tragic scene seemed to vie with each other who should be most forward in hurrying it to a conclusion. At once, some darkened the air with a cloud of goolool; some, darting their hatchets at the suspending cords, felled the laden roof upon her; and others rushed eagerly forward, to apply the fatal torch. Happily, in the moment of insufferable agony, when the mind must have lost her dominion, and the ear expected to have been pierced by the unavailing cries of nature, the welcome din of the trumpet broke forth from every quarter.

"This lady was nineteen, her stature above the middle standard, her form elegant, and her features interesting and expressive; her eyes, in particular, large, bold, and commanding. At the solemn moment in which alone I saw her, these beauties were eminently conspicuous, notwithstanding her face was discoloured with turmeric, her hair dishevelled, and wildly ornamented with flowers; and her looks, as they forcibly struck me throughout the ceremony, like one of those whose senses wandered, or, to come nearer the impression, whose soul was already fleeting, and in a state of half separation from the body."

Another species of Indian suicide is practised by old or infirm persons, who throw themselves into the fire, or practise different modes of suicide, in which they expect to be aided by their children or nearest relations. Upon this subject, too, the Pundits replied, not only that such sacrifices were meritorious, but that the sons or nearest heirs are enjoined to assist. Following this principle, they made the following report on two cases which were referred to them:

"Akbar being afflicted with a severe and incurable leprosy, with a view of promoting his spiritual welfare by entering the fire, as enjoined by the Shaster, ordered his son Sohawan to dig a pit, and to fill it with fire; and the fiery pit being accordingly prepared by the son, the father cast himself into the flames and expired. In this case, no culpability attaches to Sohawan the son."

It appears, also, that, in the same manner, Pertaub prepared a flaming pit, in conformity to an order received from his father to the above effect. In this case, likewise, the son, Pertaub, is not blameable, whether he pushed his father into the fire, having received his commands to do so, or whether his father cast himself into the flames. The above opinion is in conformity with the law as prevalent at Benares, and the authorities in support of it are as follow:

Extracts from the Bramah Poorawnee. "Let the man who is afflicted with a grievous and incurable disease, enter a burning fire, or procure his death by starvation, or by plunging into

unfathomable waters, or by precipitating himself from an eminence, or by ascending to Paradise by a respectful pilgrimage to the Armalaya mountains. Whoever relinquishes life (under these circumstances,) by precipitating himself from the sacred linden tree at *pryage*, (Allahabad,) or, his time being come, destroys himself, that high-minded person shall receive a great reward in a future state, and shall not be considered a suicide. Even although he may have been a great sinner, he shall receive supreme bliss in paradise. The privilege of practising the above mentioned authorities is extended to the human species in general, without restriction either in regard to sex or tribe."

THE WIDOW'S TALE

Forms part of a volume of poems lately published in England, a notice of which, with the following extracts, may be found in the Literary Gazette.

The Widow's Tale is in the irregular measure of the great northern minstrel. It opens with the landscape of a cottage on the rocks, to which runs a winding path. On this path a ragged and sunburnt traveller appears, and a blind and aged woman is seen sitting at the door, while the evening sun sheds his glories on her sightless brows, and a lovely young girl, Agnes, watches by her side:

A moment since, the holy word
Of God, from her youthful voice was heard—
The sacred book of his written will
On the bench at hand lies open still:
Th' allotted evening portion there
She has read aloud with duteous care,
Imparting to the ear of age,
The comforts of that holy page
That cheers the soul with inward light,
Tho' the dim eyes are sealed in night.
It was a scene might well engage
The soul's best feelings—youth and age—
The youthful voice, entoning clear
Those blessed truths, to Christians dear,
The shrivelled hands, and rayless eyes
To Him who dwelleth in the skies,
Uplifted in the sacrifice
Of prayer and praise.—

The weary wanderer approaches, and is hospitably received. He relates his history of shipwreck and imprisonment; and in return old Alice tells the story of her life, the coincidences in which, with the former narrative, prepare us for the denouement. She had two sisters, and was herself about to be eligibly united to "good James Grey," her father rejoicing in the prospect, for

————— that when he died,
 God would a shelter so provide
 For my two sisters, if unwed,
 Gladdened his heart; for then he said,
 He should in peace lay down his head
 Beside my mother's. He had wept
 Her loss untimely, for she slept
 Already in the grave, when we
 Were infants, tott'ring round his knee.

"Yet in my father's cup remained
 Two bitter drops; it was ordained
 He should not to our love bequeath
 My sisters—we were doomed to grieve
 For our dear Elinor, who died,
 Sweet creature! in the vernal pride
 Of maiden loveliness. The day
 That saw her to the house of clay
 Borne from amongst us, was a day
 Of lamentation, but there came
 A darker soon—a day of shame.
 'Twas then we proved (how bitterly!)
 That when the young and sinless die,
 Though heart-wrung are the tears that fall,
 Bedewing their untimely pall,
 Though long and deep the sad stream flows,
 Such tears are balm, compared with those,
 The burning, bitter drops we shed
 For those who live, and yet are dead
 In sin and trespasses—o'er whom
 Guilt casts a pall of tenfold gloom.

Alice's marriage with Grey takes place, and the narration proceeds through the family details of the birth of two sons, Robert and Reuben, the destruction of their farm by a tempest, and the death of the husband, which is full of pathos.

————— my dear Grey
 Had risen from slumber, so renewed
 In healthful vigour, that subdued
 By grateful joy, I wept apart,
 And in the fulness of my heart
 Gave thanks to God. That day was one
 Of twofold joy, for to my son,
 My eldest son, a child was born,
 His Jane's first pledge. Since early morn
 Reuben and he had been away
 'Mongst the first hay-crops, and the day
 Was now far spent, when they returned
 Home from their labour—westward burned
 A flood of glory, and its light
 Rested on Zoar—where a sight
 (Oh, what a sight for Robert!) drew
 As they approached the brethren's view,
 Towards our porch. Their father there
 Awaited them, and with an air
 Of tender welcome cried, 'My son,
 Receive and bless this little one
 Whom God hath sent thee—may he be
 Thy duteous child, as thou to me

Hast proved from tender infancy,
Ev'n to this day.' So having prayed
With pious fervency, he laid
The babe in Robert's arms. We met,
As was our custom, for the debt
Of daily blessings, to adore
Our heav'nly Father—to implore
That he would give his angels power
To keep in the defenceless hour
Of sleep, their watch around our bed;
Then, from the book of life, we read
Some chance-allotted part. The book
That night fell open where St. Luke
Tells how the blessed virgin brought
Her infant to the temple, taught
By the Lord's Spirit, that the law
Might be fulfilled; where Simeon saw
And hailed the holy child. Of late
My husband's long enfeebled state
Had made him (though reluctantly)
Unto his children or to me
Yield the priest's office; but that night
We heard again (with what delight!)
The sound of his loved voice—'twas low,
But clear and steady, and with slow
And solemn fervour he went through
The part of prayer: the chapter next
Began—but coming to the text,
Where he, the just and the devout,
Beholding Jesus, crieth out
In faith, 'Accrding to thy word,
Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace'—just then we found
A tremor in his voice—the sound
Faltered a moment—murmured—stopt—
Then, gently, gradually he dropt
His head, like one by sleep oppressed,
And so, to everlasting rest
His spirit passed away.

This long quotation must speak for us, as our limits will not admit of further extract. Reuben is pressed, and misfortune falls so heavily on the Greys, that all perish but Agnes, a child born to him after his departure. The stranger proves to be Reuben, and thus the tale finely concludes:

"Then she is mine! my Lucy's child!
It glanced across me, when she smiled
So like her mother. Oh! I thought"—
And to his heart the stranger caught
The youthful Agnes. "Mine own child!"—
And then with looks and voice less wild,
He faltered—"Oh, my mother! bless
Thy long lost son." But joy's excess,
And wonder, in old Alice wrought
Such strange confusedness of thought,
Such strong emotion, that her tongue,
Denied the power of utt'rance, clung
To its parched roof—but when he flung

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Such strong emotion, that her tongue,
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To its parched roof—but when he flung

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.

His arms about her withered neck,
 And when she felt upon her cheek .
 His tears and kisses, when her ear
 Caught that fond whisper, low and near,
 "My mother!" its electric sound
 At once her spell-like trance unbound,
 And all at once her speech was freed.—
 "Art thou my very son indeed?"
 Trembling exceedingly, she cried—
 Then, her old palsied hand applied
 (Its touch supplying sight) to trace
 The features of that unseen face.
 Short was the trembling scrutiny—
 "I'm old and blind, yet verily
 I do believe that thou art he!"
 So saying, on his neck she fell,
 And their tears mingled.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.

(Continued from page 430.)

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writing in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so

much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived: I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true; viz. that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas in fact we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom, I confess, that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians: and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say, that the words king—sultan—regent, &c. or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons

the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz. the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "these are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sate at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship."—The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve: and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*: and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls: on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c. &c. expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it come to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher: on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again ele-

vate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld: and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours: and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall.—With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural: and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded—taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky, &c. &c.

The sublime circumstance,—“ battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars,”—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.—We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water:—these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*; and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object.—For two months I suffered greatly in my head,—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed

likely to survive the rest of my person.—Till now I had never felt a head-ach even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens: faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries:—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

(To be continued.)

Variety.

LADY DAVIES,

The widow of the attorney-general of Ireland, having spoken something relative to Viliers, the first duke of Buckingham, that he should not be alive till the end of August (which really happened), got the reputation of a cunning woman amongst the common people. She then became so mad, that she fancied the spirit of the prophet Daniel was infused into her; and this she grounded on an anagram which she made of her own name Eleanor Davies—"Reveal, O Daniel;" and though the anagram had too much by an *L*, and too little by an *S*, yet she found "Daniel" and "reveal" in it. For this she was brought before the High Commission Court; but whilst the bishops and the divines were reasoning the point with her out of the Holy Scriptures, Lamb, the Dean of the Arches, took a pen in his hand, and wrote the following exact anagram upon her name, "Dame Eleanor Davies," "*Never so mad a ladie;*" which having been proved to be true by the rules of art, "Madam," said he, "I see you build much on anagrams; I have found out one which I hope will fit you." Having read it aloud, he gave it into her hands. This put the grave court into such a laughter, and the poor weak woman into such a confusion, that she afterwards grew wiser, or became less regarded.

LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Commons, in their accusations against this prelate, charged him with setting up and repairing the Pope's images and pictures in the windows of his chapel at Lambeth. Amongst other topics of defence, the archbishop insisted, that the Homilies allow an historical use of images, and that Calvin himself allows them in this sense.—See his "Institutes," b. i. cap. ii. sect. 12. beginning *Neque tamen eâ superstitione teneor*; and that the primitive Christians approved, and had the pictures of Christ himself; Tertullian recording that they had the picture of Christ engraven on their chalices, in form of a shepherd, carrying home the lost sheep on his back.

Laud, when Bishop of London, attended Charles I., at his coronation as King of Scotland. It was observed, that Laud was high in his carriage upon this occasion, taking upon him the order and management of the ceremony. Spottiswode, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, being placed on the king's right hand, and Lindsey, Archbishop of Glasgow, on his left, Laud took Glasgow and thrust him from the king, with these words: "Are you a churchman, and want the coat of your order?" (a rich cope, which he refused to wear, says Rushworth, as being a moderate churchman,) and put the Bishop of Ross at the king's left hand instead of him.

ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

The different conduct of the Christians and Mahometans in India will appear in a very striking point of view, from the relation of the following authentic anecdote of Oriental history: Surage ul Dowla was the grandson of the great Alyverdi Khan, who had a favourite wife, a woman of extraordinary abilities and great virtue. When Alyverdi was dying, knowing the flighty and tyrannical disposition of his grandson, whom he intended for his successor, he advised him on all important occasions, after his death, to consult the old queen, whose discernment would enable her to foresee dangers, imperceptible to an impetuous and inexperienced youth like him. When Surage ul Dowla, instigated by avarice, intended to attack Calcutta, he consulted this oracle, who advised him against it in the following prophetic words: "The English are a peaceable and industrious people; like bees, if properly encouraged and protected, they will bring you honey, but beware of disturbing the hive: you may perhaps destroy a few of them, but in the end, believe me, they will sting you to death:" a prediction which was soon afterwards verified. From this well known fact, it appears that we were not even suspected of a disposition to enslave the natives of India, or even to quarrel with the Mahometan usurpers, until compelled to it, in order to avoid being enslaved ourselves.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Among the number of people who were highly charmed with Sir Richard Steel's conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually sat at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined with a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to show his friendship and regard. "Why sir," says Sir Richard, "I came for that very purpose, and if you can lend me a hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour." Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance, of which the gentleman, while it cost him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out—"Why, really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house." Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. "And so, sir," says he, "you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem. A disappointment I can bear, but must by no means put up with an insult; therefore be so obliging as to consider whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequences of my resentment." Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the baronet was startled, and said, seeming to recollect himself, "Lord, my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour, I did not remember—bless me, I have a hundred-pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service." So saying he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediatly put up, and then addressed him in the following

manner: "Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are, yet rather than be made a fool, I choose to accept of this hundred pounds, which I shall return when it suits my conveniency. But that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expedient to preserve your recollection." Which Sir Richard accordingly did and then took his leave, whilst the poor baronet stood surprised at the oddity of his behaviour, and heartily ashamed at the meanness of his own.

Poetry.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

WOMAN AND THE MOON.

I've oft been sorely puzzled and perplex'd,
 When thinking of the Sun and Moon, and so on,
 'To know what principle, when they were sex'd,
 Those who first fixed their gender chose to go on.
 I will not say that I've been ever vex'd
 When this same thing I've chanc'd a thought to throw on;
 But it hath given my reasoning powers some pother,
 Why we should He the one and She the other.

The Moon and Woman! there may be I own
 Points of resemblance more than one or two,
 Twenty, for aught I know, might even be shown:
 I'd state them if I'd nothing else to do,
 But as I have, I'll leave the theme alone—
 And yet, on second thoughts, I'll give a few,
 Lest carping critics, who are apt to chatter,
 Should say I never thought about the matter.

Imprimis, then, they both shine most at night,
 The one on earth, the other in the sky;
 I might say both reflect a *borrowed* light,
 But this perhaps the Ladies would deny,
 And they, I own, have an undoubted right
 To know what charms they borrow or they buy;
 Besides, whenever any thing is bought
 And paid for 'tis its owner's as it ought.

But passing this discussion, as a theme
 Too delicate to dwell on, I must say
 That whether both dispense a borrowed gleam
 Or not, there's much resemblance in the ray
 Which shines from each; though beautiful the beam,
 It is not steady like the light of day,
 But an uncertain fascinating splendour,
 A little coolish too, when man grows tender.

Another point of likeness to my view,
 Being, I think, an accurate beholder,
 Is this—when *Ladies* and when *Moons* are *new*,
 They're both a little coy; but when grown older,
 They don't salute you and then bid adieu
 Both in a breath, but, grown a little bolder,

Are more disposed to give you time to admire,
And are in no great hurry to retire.

Let's try again. The Moon, it has been said,
Has a strange influence on folks half crack'd;
And I have either heard or somewhere read
Of the "Lunatic and lover all compact,"
Which seems as if 'twere thought by some ill-bred,
(Though two such wretches should be straightway rack'd,)
That 'tis not till man's reasoning powers are gone,
Woman can claim his noddle as her own.

But this point of resemblance, though it might
Strike some as very striking, I just mention;
I should be sorry to be unpolite,
And still more sorry to excite dissention
Among your love-sick swains, who out of spite
Would swear I had some sinister intention;
Their heads I leave to those who choose to win 'em,
'Tis no affair of mine what brains are in 'em.

Well, to proceed; I find I must make haste,
And not on every point of semblance bore,
Or I shall both my time and patience waste,
And try my reader's patience, which is more;
For when a joke is not quite to our taste,
It's apt to make one feel a little sore.
Besides it might be thought it was my aim
To prove the Moon and Woman are the same.

I therefore shall with brevity pass over
Various resemblances between the twain,
How both, when skies are clear, smile on a lover,
And leave him in the lurch in clouds and rain;
As well as many a theme I might discover
In either's rise, or set, or wax or wane;
But as I might be prolix, I forbear,
Besides, I must their difference now compare.

The Moon and Woman differ then in this:
The first is true to nature and its laws,
It never leaves its sphere, nor does amiss,
It apes no artful wiles, asks no applause,
In all its changes still unchanged it is
In loveliness and beauty from this cause;
Since first created it has cheated no man:
I fear we cannot say all this for Woman.

Again: The Moon sheds her impartial beam
On rich and poor with just the same delight;
Youth, beauty, ugliness and age, all seem
The same to her, to each her smiles are bright.
She sometimes may withdraw her gentle beam,
But not capriciously, still less in spite.
I doubt much if these qualities are common
With her to whom we give the name of Woman.

I might, if I had time and inclination,
And were not fearful of exciting riot,
Give other instances of variation,
Which some would smile, and more perhaps would sigh at;
I give but one, defying disputation:
Women are talkative, the Moon is quiet.
Were there no other cause, I must opine
This fully proves the Moon not feminine.

Byron.